



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, FEBRUARY 14, 1829.

No. 19.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Last Warrior of the Nashuaes.

" Traditions, and proud tales
 Of other days, exploits of chieftains bold,
 Dauntless and terrible, the warrior's song,
 The victor's triumph—all conspired to raise
 The martial spirit, kindling in his breast
 With life's first throb."

TRAITS OF THE ABORIGINES.

Nearly at the close of a cold day, in the month of November (many years ago) a solitary Indian might be seen standing on the shore of Monchaug, a small lake in the town-ship of Stirling. He was dressed in the costume of an Indian warrior, and although his whitened locks, and wrinkled brow indicated that he had passed the common age of man; his tall, erect and muscular frame, announced that he was still in the possession of strength and activity. A tomahawk, and knife occupied their respective places in his belt, and with his right hand he held an uncommonly long gun, which was decorated with various Indian characters. It was Pequontas; he was the last warrior of the once powerful tribe of Nashuaes; which had been almost wholly destroyed by the English. The Nashuaes were once the possessors of a large tract of country, situated around Monchaug pond, (which still retains its original name;) here was their last strong hold, and the remains of their fortifications, are visible at the present time. At the general rising of the Indians, under that consummate, and sagacious Indian commander, Philip, of Mount Hope, in 1676, the Nashuaes lent a powerful hand. Several of the settlements that were destroyed in those distressing times owed their destruction to this tribe; they were jealous of the rising power of the English, who were gradually encroaching on their hunting grounds, and took this opportunity of revenging their wrongs. But this war broke their power; all their warriors who survived the "swamp fight"

were compelled, in order to save their lives, to mingle with the western tribes.

After a lapse of nearly seventy years Pequontas had returned to the home of his youth, and he now stood on a spot which he still held dear. Here were the graves of his fathers, and here many of the friends of his younger days fell in their struggles with the whites, for they clung with desperation to this favourite spot. As he gazed on the scene before him his heart sickened, the whites had in considerable numbers settled around Monchaug, and the smoke curled from one of their dwellings, but a short distance from the place where Pequontas stood. For a few moments he gazed around him in sullen silence.

" Shall the last warrior of the Nashuaes," he at length exclaimed, " shall the son of Mahowtan, who never knew fear shrink from a white skin! will he let the long knives say that Pequontas dare not show his face to them! is he a woman that he fears death—do the white skins think to frighten a Nashua by building their cabins around the graves of his fathers! but Pequontas is old, his tribe has all gone to the Great Spirit, and there is none left but him; but he will not turn his back to the white faces, because their numbers exceed the leaves on the trees; he will give them cause to mourn the loss of some of their young men, and then lay down his own life in the land of his fathers; there is none left to mourn for Pequontas—the white men have destroyed his children, and he will not go unrevenged—they have been revenged, the ground has been red with the blood of the white faces, but Pequontas is not satisfied, he longs to drink their blood—but where are his warriors they have all been slain, and the head of Pequontas is white with age?"

Pequontas had resumed a sullen silence, and leaning forward on his gun seemed wrapped in thought, when he was startled by a slight noise, he placed his ear to the ground, listened for a moment, and then rushed into an adjoining thicket and disappeared. For a few moments

the silence of the scene was undisturbed except by the rushing of the trees, as they were agitated by the passing wind, when it was interrupted by the sound of approaching voices, and soon three white men appeared in the path that wound along the margin of the pond. The foremost of the three was a man who had passed the meridian of life, and the others were his sons; as none in those days ventured far from home unarmed, each carried a gun on his shoulder. As they approached the spot which a few moments before had been occupied by the Indian, his dark form carefully gained the edge of the thicket. The long gun of Pequotas now sent its thrilling report through the forest, and the foremost of the whites gave a shriek, and fell lifeless on the ground; Pequotas rushed towards the others, brandishing his tomahawk with looks of fierce defiance; both leveled, and as he hurled his tomahawk with such sureness of aim, that it laid its victim in the agonies of death, he received the contents of both guns, and the muscular frame of the aged savage was soon stretched in its last struggle for life. The bodies of the two whites were the next day removed, and interred near their dwelling, but the son of the forest was hastily buried on the spot where he fell; and no traces of his grave are now to be seen. The long gun of the last warrior of the Nashuaes, is now in the possession of one of the first settlers of the flourishing town of Stirling.

MAC IRVIN.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The House on the Cliff.

(Concluded.)

Baum seated himself on the stern of the boat, with Elizabeth on his lap, and ordered his men to pull diligently for the opposite shore. They rowed off immediately; but soon found their way obstructed by the floating ice. The night was black as Tartarus; the wind blew piercingly, and the snow fell fast and thick. The clashing of the ice-cakes, with the scraping of the sides of the boat against their sharp edges, and the dashing of the waves, were all circumstances calculated to inspire horror. But still they urged their passage, now making rapid progress, then rushing against impediments, or forced down the stream by large fragments of ice, which sometimes surrounded and bound their boat fast, and then releasing it from imprisonment, permitted it to heave and plunge among the waves. At one time they rowed, and at another employed their oars as poles, pushing from one field of ice to another. In this way they at last succeeded in reaching Pennsylvania.

"Well done, my lads," said Baum, as he stepped ashore, with the still insensible Elizabeth. "To the last cent of that miserly old widow will I divide her wealth among you for this night's work. But be in a hurry, for we

have no time to stand idle in this weather. Make your boat fast, and bring your arms, the ropes, the board, and the blankets, and let us be moving on."

"I'll tell you," he continued, as they began their march, "I'll tell you a story proving how much I am like the son of a king. It may haply cheer our time a moment, for as we have no very comfortable walk, we stand in need of a little comfortable talk. Well then, one day, since we came to Trenton, I went into a house where I found our chaplain. He was reading a book called Homer's Iliad, and there was an account of a beautiful young princess named Helen, who had run off with a fellow from a town called Troy. The chaplain told me she had beaux by the dozen, and rich ones too, and all princes. Of course they all wanted her; but, as only one could have her, a bargain was made that which ever should kill a certain wild boar that did a good deal of mischief about there, should have this Helen for his wife.—Well, the fellow's name that killed the boar was Merry Laus, and so he got the girl."

"Ha, ha, ha! I dare say," said one of the men, in a tone intended for one of humour, and, no doubt, thinking he was very humorous, "I dare say he was merry enough! ha, ha, ha!"

"But the fun of it comes now," continued the sergeant. "They had not been married long when that fellow from Troy, came to see Merry Laus. I think his name was Paris—but let's see—no, if I remember right, his name was Troy and he came from Paris."

"Ah! that's more like it!" said one of the men, "that's more like it—my father was once at Paris."

"Well, be that as it may," proceeded the sergeant, "he had sense enough to fall in love with Helen; and, while Merry Laus was absent one time, positively persuaded her to run away with him! This was all the chaplain told me about the matter; but it had so great an effect on me, that I determined from that moment to run away with this pretty creature *—Now I am this much like the son of a king—for you must know Troy was the son of a king called Prime—

"Prime! hey," interrupted the most thoughtful man of the party; "I wonder if they named the powder at the touch-hole after him?"

"Like enough they did," answered the sergeant, "for it just shoots across my mind that the chaplain did say something about Prime going off, and a great firing at Paris. But, as I was going to say, I am this much like the son of a king: Troy coaxed away the beautiful wife of another man, and I have kidnapped a beautiful girl who was never married."

"Huzza for sergeant Baum!" exclaimed one.—"But pray sergeant what did Troy do with Helen?"

* It was the opinion of Mr. Barlow that Homer had better never been born. *Vide Notes to the Columbiad.* Did he found his opinion on the incident related in this tale?

"Do with her!" replied the sergeant, "why he took her home to Paris, and kept her in king Prime's palace, and she lived like a queen!"

"Ay, ay," returned the man, "that was proper treatment. But here you are not like the king's son, for you are going to keep this girl in a cold cave, in a cold season. Think of that sergeant Baum!"

"Poh, man, don't I intend to have the mouth boarded up immediately, and don't I intend to keep a good warm fire there? Why I expect that cave will be more pleasant than a palace! But I forgot one thing, that makes me more like Troy. This sweet creature was never, indeed actually married, but then she is engaged to a fool of an American Captain, named Bailey; and I shall have the pleasure of tricking the rebel."

"Is that a joke, sergeant, or is it a plain matter of fact?" asked the man.

"As plain a matter of fact as that it is now snowing. You recollect the skirmish we had the other night with a detachment of horse, when we lost several men? Well this is the same Captain Bailey that commanded that party and that made such a dash with his broad blade. By the powers of war! I'm glad to plague that fellow!"

"You have good reason to hate captain Bailey," retorted the other, "for it was only your running that kept you from lying down. People sometimes say, let your head save your heels, but your heels were the salvation of your head!"

"Frederick Bokum!" said the sergeant, "you have passed your bounds. Go back and take charge of the boat until we return!"

"I thank you sir," answered Bokum, and immediately withdrew from the company.

"I can never keep good friends with that fool," continued the sergeant, "he is always picking at one's tender places, and he finds fault with the least approach to hard dealing with an enemy. Hang him! I expect he'll be in a pet for a week."

Persevering through all obstacles, the company journeyed onward, until, after a dreary march of two hours, they found themselves on the shore immediately under the cave.

"Now lads!" said Baum, "some of you up the crags, with your ropes, and fix affairs there as quick as possible."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed one, on examining the rocks, "it will be no easy task to climb these crags; why they are all crusted with sleet, and the snow makes them so slippery that you can get no hold.—You might as well hope to hold an eel between your fingers, as to keep foot-hold on a place like this."

"But you must up!" said Baum, impatiently; "off with your bayonets and break the ice as you climb!"

"Confound such a job," said one of the men, "if that old widow was as rich as old Nick her money wouldnt pay for breaking one's neck."

As it was a work of necessity, however, they commenced it immediately; and, after a considerable time, four of them succeeded in clearing a pathway, and in reaching the ledge at the entrance of the cave.

"Hollo, there!" they cried to their fellows below, "here comes the ropes!" And then holding on to one end of each, they threw down two ropes.

"There lads!" said Baum, "fasten the board now, and besure you do it safely."

They then took a board about two feet long and one broad, and ran the ends of the ropes through two holes, one at each end of the board. The ropes were then secured under the board by large knots. Thus a conveyance was formed, resembling a common swing. Baum then seated himself on the board, with Elizabeth in his lap, and a lantern in his hand. He ordered the men above to haul them up; and while he kept himself from the projecting rocks by means of a musket, he made a safe ascension.

"By the powers of war!" said he, as he stepped into the cave, "that was a perilous rising. I was plaguedly afraid my left hand rope would break, and quite as much so that some of you would slip. But Providence seems to favour us, as the chaplain says.—There, my darling, you may sleep awhile longer," and he laid the lifeless girl on some blankets, out of the range of the wind. He then ordered the men to bring some wood for a fire.

Just as the men had reached the ground, their companions hailed them and requested them to be silent a moment; for they thought they heard the trampling of horses over the frozen ground. They all collected behind a projection of rocks, that defended them from the wind. Their lantern was placed on a ledge in the angle, and the light gleamed brightly from their musket barrels.

"Hark!" said one again, "didn't you hear a horse neigh?"

"Now, by Jupiter!" said another, "you're a pack of cowards. Suppose a horse did neigh, are nineteen Hessian soldiers to listen in affright?"

"Our business is not of the most encouraging kind to-night," answered another, "I feel more afraid of the stings of conscience than of any thing else. But look there! didn't you see something moving over there in the dark?"

"O heavens!" cried the one who had spoken just before, "you poor poltroon. Talk about conscience, indeed, and motions—why, it was only the wind blowing through the lantern, and flickering the blaze.—By Jupiter! I'm ashamed of my company."

These words were scarcely pronounced, when a loud voice, close by, cried out—

"Fire!"

The sudden thunder startled the hills around.—and seven of the nineteen soldiers fell dead on the spot. A horrid shriek burst

from the remainder, as they seized their arms, tremblingly; and a shout of "Bailey and vengeance!" told the onset of the avengers. The Americans charged with the bayonet; and the captain, leaving his men to their own good conduct, sprang up the crags, as swiftly as if there had been no impediment. The lantern threw a gleamy light round the cavern, and, just as he entered, the Hessian, like a roused lion, was rushing out to the conflict. His sword flashed in his hand, and as the form of Bailey burst in, it fell like lightning.—The captain warded the blow, but his own lighter blade was shattered to the hilt, and flew glimmering around in a thousand fragments. A second and a heavier stroke descended; but he averted it with the barrel of his pistol. The shock, however, discharged the pistol; and the ball unfortunately, was spent in vain. The blue smoke filled the cave, and the combatants throbbed with horrible suspense until it partially cleared away. As soon as they perceived each other, the Hessian, with a hellish curse, leaped towards the defenceless captain, and made a thrust at him, which was intended to be decisive: but Bailey with a dexterous movement, avoided this also, and the exertion of the Hessian only served to dash himself against the rocks. A moment, and, ere he recovered from the shock, the captain's weighty pistol rang against his temple; he was grasped by the throat, and dashed from the precipice. As he fell, however, his sense of life seemed to rush back through his whole frame. He caught by the strong roots of the wild-brier on the ledge, uttering bitter imprecations, and nearly regained his standing, when the captain seized the fallen sword, and, with one fell sweep, cleft through his neck. The light glared on his eye-balls as they started from their sockets; his head drooped over his shoulder, his hands relaxed their hold, and he fell from crag to crag to the shore. The clash of arms had ceased below; the captain, from the edge of the cliff, shouted—"victory! victory!"—and his men echoed the sound with a loud roar of "victory! victory!"

Bailey then re-entered the cave, in quest of Elizabeth. She was not there! He was frenzied. Flying to the edge of the cliff again, he called her name and listened for a reply. He thought he heard a low voice above him. He looked up, and as he looked, the moon shone out from amidst the tempest, the top of the cliff was brightened, and he beheld a female form, in a white garment, kneeling, and with both hands lifted to heaven. With great difficulty he climbed the dangerous steep; and as soon as he attained its summit, Elizabeth's arms were clasped around his neck, and she sank upon his bosom, saying—"God has saved my love!"

Do you remember Frederick Bokum, who was ordered back to take charge of the boat? Instead of attending to the boat, he started

immediately for the American army. It was the night preceding the memorable 26th of December. The retreating army had faced about, and was then marching to conquest. Bokum soon met a detachment of American horse. Captain Bailey was commander! Bokum was enraptured. He told the captain the state of affairs.—The captain told Washington. Washington permitted him to pursue. He chose fifteen men, armed them with muskets, pursued, rescued Elizabeth, and was, next day, one of the most active in the conflict at Trenton.

The house on the cliff was built as a memento of the rescue. A framed account of the transaction used to be suspended within its walls. For many years, the country lads and maidens resorted there on the 26th of December, and they generally found that the holiday there spent, was more productive of pleasure than any other of the Christmas week. Never did another maiden, however, climb the crags that Elizabeth climbed; and never, since captain Bailey's pistol was discharged by the stroke of Sergeant Baum's sword, has any other gun been fired upon that shore, than the fowling piece of the sportsman.—It is my bed time;—Good night!

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The late Mr. Daniel H. Barnes.

PREPARED BY MR. VERPLANCK.

Mr. Daniel H. Barnes was born in the county of Columbia, in this state, in or about the year 1785, and was educated at Union College, in Schenectady. He early devoted himself to the instruction of youth, and soon after he had completed his collegiate course, was appointed master of the grammar school attached to Union College. Here he gained not only experience but reputation, and, some years after, was chosen principal of the respectable academy at Poughkeepsie, one of the incorporated seminaries of education under the patronage and visitation of the regents of the university of this state. That institution flourished under his charge for several years, and in it many individuals, now filling honourable stations in various walks of life, received the most valuable part of their classical and scientific education. He was, however, tempted to leave this station by an invitation to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was placed at the head of an incorporated academic or collegiate establishment for the higher branches of education. At Cincinnati, his situation was honourable, and his services, as usual, were laborious and successful. The enterprise, the activity, the rapid growth and improvement so conspicuous in that country, unparalleled in its progress, in population, cultivation, and refinement,

were congenial to the unwearied activity and benevolent ardour of his own mind. The yet unexplored natural riches of that region of the west added, besides, fresh excitements to his liberal and indefatigable curiosity.

But he found the climate of Ohio unfriendly to his constitution, and was reluctantly obliged some years ago, to resign his duty there, and return to his native air on the Atlantic Coast. He then established a private classical school in this city, where he soon acquired the same reputation which he had enjoyed at other places of his residence. In this city his mind was enlarged and excited by new objects of curiosity and instruction, and the society of men eminent in various ways for talent or acquirement. His studies took a wider range. He became an ardent and successful student of natural history. From the study of the languages and literature of antiquity he advanced on to the higher branches of philology and the philosophy of language. He improved his knowledge of chemical and physical science, and became conversant with their application to the useful arts.

During this period, too, his early and deep-seated religious convictions and feelings which had long ruled his life, led him to the more regular and systematic study of theology, and he became an ordained minister of the Baptist church.

Sensible, doubtless, that the instruction of youth was a peculiar talent which had been entrusted to him, and believing that he could thus, "according to his ability," best serve his Master, he never became the regular pastor of any church or congregation. His appearance in the pulpit was, therefore, rare and occasional; but I am told that his discourses and public prayers were distinguished for the soundness of their doctrine and the earnest fervour of their eloquence. His theological opinions were those of the Calvinistic Baptists. That he believed the doctrines he professed, firmly and conscientiously, his life is a proof. That sincerity in his own belief was united in him with charity for those who differed from it, is attested by his friendly connexion in this institution with an associate principal of the Society of Friends, and a board of trustees of various other denominations; and still more by the earnestness and fidelity with which, on proper occasions, he here enforced the great principles of faith and morals, upon a large body of pupils educated in all the different modes of worship known amongst us, without ever irritating the feelings or exciting the prejudices of any parent or pupil.

The respect and confidence with which he was regarded by that numerous and respectable body of Christians with whom he was immediately connected, were shown, first by his appointment to a professorship of Hebrew and Greek in a theological institution, founded some years ago, for the instruction of candidates

for the ministry in the Baptist Church; and more recently, by his unanimous election to the office of president of the Columbian college in the District of Columbia, a seminary of general learning, under the peculiar, though not exclusive, patronage and government of the same communion. This last appointment after some suspense, he relinquished in favour of this institution, to which he had been devoted from its foundation.

Our deceased friend's natural ardour of mind directed, as it always was, by the sense of duty and the sentiments of philanthropy, made him one of those who can never become the slave of routine and custom, and who cannot be content with what is merely well, as long as it seems practicable to make it better. Alike in the government of his own heart and conscience in the pursuits of science, and in the business of education, his constant aspiration was to improvement.

It was, therefore, that his attention was early directed to the monotorial system of Bell and Lancaster, and its extension from simple elementary instruction to the mathematics, ancient and modern languages, and such branches of science as do not require the aid of lectures or experiment. He had satisfied himself of the value of this system, by trial, on a small scale, in his own private classes, when his confidence in its efficacy was increased by its successful application in the High School of Edinburgh, by Professor Pellans, as well as by the attestations of Doctors Mann and D'Oyley to its use in the Charter-House School of London.

He, therefore, eagerly co-operated in the foundation of the High School for boys in 1824, became one of the two associate principals, and has ever since been the faithful and efficient head of the classical department.

The several preceeding annual reports, and those of the school committees, drawn up by some of our most distinguished citizens, show the high sense of the value of his services entertained by the successive board of trustees; while the great number of pupils—always averaging from four hundred and fifty to six hundred—give still stronger evidence of his reputation with the public.

The school was often thronged with visitors and teachers from abroad, anxious to learn and diffuse its methods of instruction; and one of the best proofs of its merit, and that of its principals, is the fact that it has been the model of numerous and most valuable similar establishments in various parts of the Union.

It was in the midst of this career of useful and honourable service that he was snatched from us.

He had been invited last month, by the trustees and officers of the "Rensselaer School," recently founded near Troy by the well-judged munificence of one of our most honoured and patriotic citizens, to attend their annual examination. He had taken great interest in this

school from its foundation, as it had been in part modelled on the plan of his own system and instruction, and because it combines with the usual elementary course, the rudiments of natural and physical science, and the practice of agriculture.

"I must go," said he, in words of fatal import. I need not detail the circumstances of his death. On his way thither he was thrown from a stage, and expired a few hours afterwards.

He died regretted and honoured by all who knew his public services, and deeply mourned by those friends who more intimately knew and loved his private virtues.

In this simple narrative of Mr. Barnes's life, much of his character has been anticipated. It is due, however, to his memory to say something more of his character as a scholar and man of science, and his merit as an instructor.

He was an excellent classical scholar, accurately skilled in the Latin and Greek languages, to which he added considerable acquirements in the Hebrew, and a familiar acquaintance with modern languages and literature. As a philologist, like other zealous cultivators of that branch of study, he was perhaps disposed to push favourite theories to an extreme; but he was learned, acute, and philosophical. His acquirements in mathematics were highly respectable, but I think that he never devoted himself to this science with the same zeal as to other collateral studies.

It is probably as a naturalist that his name will be best known to posterity, as it already is in Europe. He was a most industrious member of the Lyceum of Natural History in this city, a society which, without parade or public patronage, displaying in a rare degree the love of learning without the parade of it, has for many years cultivated the natural sciences with admirable zeal, industry, and success. They have joined us in paying the last honours to the memory of our deceased associate; and it is to one of their members, himself a naturalist, of well-earned reputation, that I am indebted for the following brief but very honourable tribute to Mr. Barnes's labours and attainments as a naturalist.

"About the year 1819, he turned his attention to the natural sciences, and his connexion with the Lyceum of this city nearly at the same time, gave additional impulse to the characteristic zeal with which he prosecuted his new studies. The departments of mineralogy and geology occupied his attention, and the first fruits of his inquiries are to be found in a paper read before the Lyceum, entitled a 'Geological Survey of the Canaan Mountains, with observations on the soil and productions of the neighbouring regions.' In this paper he showed himself well conversant with botany and zoology. To this latter branch of natural history he subsequently devoted his leisure hours with

greater avidity; and communicated to the Lyceum a curious and original paper, 'On the Genera *Unio* et *Alasmodonta*,' a family of fresh-water shells, distinguished for their beauty and their almost infinite variety of form. Shortly after appeared in the annals of the Lyceum several other papers from Mr. Barnes, on similar subjects. Two of these may be particularly noted, one on 'the Genus *Cluton*,' and the other on 'the Doubtful Reptiles.' "

The reputation of Mr. Barnes as a naturalist, will be immovably established upon his memoir on the shells of his country. The introductory observations applicable to the whole study of conchology are marked by that precision, clearness, and lucid order, for which he was remarkable. He described above twenty new species; and, a short time before his death, he received a flattering proof of the estimation in which his labours were held by the learned of Europe.

The great and splendid work of Humboldt on Mexico, of which the zoological part is now in course of publication, contains beautiful plates and descriptions of the genera just referred to. The first zoological critic of Europe—the Baron de Ferussac—in commenting upon this work, points out many errors into which the author has fallen; "errors," he observes, "which had arisen from his not having consulted the works of American naturalists, and especially the labors of Mr. Barnes."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

[Extract from a speech of Judge Story in the Convention of Massachusetts.]

"In our country the highest man is not above the people; the humblest is not below the people, if the rich may be said to have additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day, pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property thus is divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time, under our statutes of descent and distributions, and only true and legitimate law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. Property is continually changing like the waves of the sea, one wave rises, and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss, and is seen no more, and another rises and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away and is succeeded by yet another, which in its turn breaks and dies gently on the shore. The richest man amongst us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government;

and the poor man while he rocks his infant on his knees may justly indulge the consolation that if he possesses talents and virtue, that there is no office beyond the reach of his honourable ambition.

Arabic sayings.—Reside where thou wilt, acquire knowledge and virtue, and they will stand thee in place of ancestors; the man is he who can say, "See what I am;" not he who says, "See what my father was." When God would display in broad day a virtue hidden in the shade, he excites against it the tongue of the envious. If the flame did not catch every thing surrounding it, the exquisite perfume of the aloes would be unknown. This life is but a fragile fragment; senseless is he who attaches himself to it: what is passed is dead; what is to come is hidden; thou hast only the moment in which thou breathest. Thy life is divided into two portions; consider well what they are: that which is gone is a dream: that which remains, a wish.

Hand-bill Extraordinary.—As dancing is the poetry of motion, those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing master.—N. B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

Lord Norbury.—A gentleman on circuit narrating to his Lordship some extravagant feat in the sporting way, mentioned amongst other achievements, that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast.—"Thirty-three hares," exclaimed his Lordship; "zounds Sir, then you must have been firing at a wig."

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1829.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The Publisher of the RURAL REPOSITORY, desirous of rendering the next volume still more worthy than the present, of the liberal patronage the publication has received, and still continues to receive, offers the following Premiums:—

For the best *Original Tale*, TEN DOLLARS;

For the second best, a complete set of the Repository, elegantly bound and gilt;

For the best *Original Poem*, not exceeding eighty lines, THREE DOLLARS;

For the second best, a set of Sturm's Reflections, bound and gilt.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of May next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

☞ Publishers of papers, with whom we exchange, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

The Ladies' Magazine.—The January number of this work contains many valuable articles, among the rest one entitled "Criticism," with which we were much pleased. The Editor has in our estimation acted wisely in rejecting the counsel of those, who were desirous that she should set herself up as a critic. Not that we do not consider her fully competent to wield the pen of criticism, but that we think with her, that "such have not considered the subject with reference to all the consequences that may result from the attempt of a woman to establish her claim to the character of a critic in literature." In truth we deem Mrs. Hale in the right, when she says,— "Charity is a virtue so peculiarly feminine that not the brightest star in our crown of fame should be permitted to render us blind to that humble, but eternal light." May the ladies of our country ever possess such sentiments, and in their remarks upon literature exercise that charity which "hopeth all things," and "covereth a multitude of faults." It is for the athletic arm of man to hurl the envenomed shafts of strife; but "a meek and quiet spirit is the loveliest ornament of woman;" her province is that of a peacemaker—to heal and not to wound should be her aim.—"Manuscript No. 1," is also a pleasing article, being an introduction to "lots" of manuscripts said to have been written by a physician of Salem, the very land of witches and superstition. After his death they came into the possession of his daughter, a lady of Boston, in whose "two flowered pockets" they safely reposed till 1816, when by one of those out of the way incidents which sometimes occur to drag from their obscurity things long hidden from the world, "Charles Cunningham," the ostensible author of the preface, was introduced to the old lady. At his request, the ancient pockets were disburdened of their contents; and, encouraged by his promises of assistance in the undertaking, she was rendered happy in the hope that the so long and fondly treasured memorials of her deceased ancestor were speedily to appear in print. But for reasons unknown, their publication has thus long been delayed, and the poor old lady, who had then reached the advanced age of fourscore, has doubtless descended ere this to the tomb, realizing by sad experience the truth of the proverb—"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." As these records of the "olden time" are now in the hands of the Editor of the "Ladies' Magazine," who "intends to select from them such articles as will be most acceptable to the public taste," it may reasonably be expected that, in point of interest, the forthcoming Manuscripts will outdo the Sketches of the former volume.—A handsome copperplate engraving will be given in February or March, as a frontispiece to the second volume.

HUDSON FORUM,

Will meet at the Court-House, on Wednesday Evening, the 18th of February, at 7 o'clock, and discuss the following question.—"Are fictitious writings beneficial?"

An Address will be delivered by J. R. Van Rensselaer, Jun. Esq.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Capt. George Hallenbeck, to Miss Christina Hallenbeck.

At Catskill, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Loomis, of this city, Mr. Cyrus Clark, merchant, of Brookfield, Madison County, to Miss Catharine E. Jacobs.

At Claverack on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Edward H. Macy, to Miss Deborah I. Coffin, both of this city.

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 31st ult. Doct. Moses Younglove, aged 77 years.

On Friday the 30th ult. Mr. Michael W. Hallenbeck, aged 52 years.

On the 31st ult. Miss Paulina Macy, aged 23 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Benjamin Norcott, aged 30 years.

At Canandaigua, on the 29th ult. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.

In Salem, the honourable and venerable Timothy Pickering aged 84 years.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

Raise, raise again that tiny shout,
And clap thy little hands with glee,
And from thy laughing eyes look out,
Sweet one, again, so joyously.
Thy playful mood, amid her cares,
It glads thy mother's heart to see;—
Unknown to thee the world's dread snares,—
Oh, happy, happy infancy!
Thou dream'st not now of ills that wait
To mar in future years thy bliss;
And, might I but control thy fate,
Thy every hour were bright as this.
Thy Mother's tears—how oft they flow—
How oft her prayers for thee ascend!
To deprecate each hidden wo,
As o'er thy couch, my child, I bend.
And yet, I feel that sunny brow
Must furrowed be, by many a care;
In age mature, 'twill not as now,
When twined with childhood's wreath, be fair.
But unto Him, I thee commend,
Who doth in love o'er all preside;
Should weal or wo thy steps attend,
Oh, mayst thou still in him confide.
If thy sweet life to man's estate,
Indeed be spared, my baby fair,
And ills inwoven in thy fate,
Still look to Heaven—there's succour there.
He at whose fiat worlds were made,
Will, my loved boy, thy guardian be,
When she beneath the turf is laid,
Whose fond arms now encircle thee. ADA.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

LINES,

Written on a Sabbath morning, during a lingering illness, suggested by hearing the bells toll.

The Sabbath has begun,
The day from labour free,
The bells invite to come,
But call in vain for me.
Oh! shall I never more,
Thy courts, thy temples see?
Has sorrow ne'er a shore,
For sinful wretched me?
I once the blessing had,
I've trifled it away,
And now, alas! 'tis fled,
Just like an April day.
Lord, thy decrees are just,
Thou still art good and great,
Had I my full desert,
'Twould be a harder fate.
Oh! make me humbly bow,
And meekly kiss thy rod,
And while I weep, adore,
And know that thou art God.

CLARISSA.

FROM THE BIJOU. THE SLEEPERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Sleep!—let thy mother's spirit bless her child!
And let thy sisters, to the dreaming land,
Greet thee with song! each gentle voice be there
Of earthly fondness—each familiar face—
Only th' unkind be absent!*

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep:
A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle, given
The weary to enshroud.
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale, still brow,
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow!
Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim faded track.
Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.
Some old sweet native sound,
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves;
A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!
Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Numbers, 7th.


PUZZLE II.—Because they are *slippers*.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Find out with care
A stroke or snare,
Amidst it fix
The number six;
You'll find what we
Should never be:
My friends have wit,
And don't be it.

II.
I form a body, yet am but a name;
As age creeps on more bright my beauty burns;
Best known am I when none know whence I came;
He gives me all, who all to nothing turns.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.  All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.